



SOME NURSERY RHYMES

OF

BELGIUM, FRANCE & RUSSIA

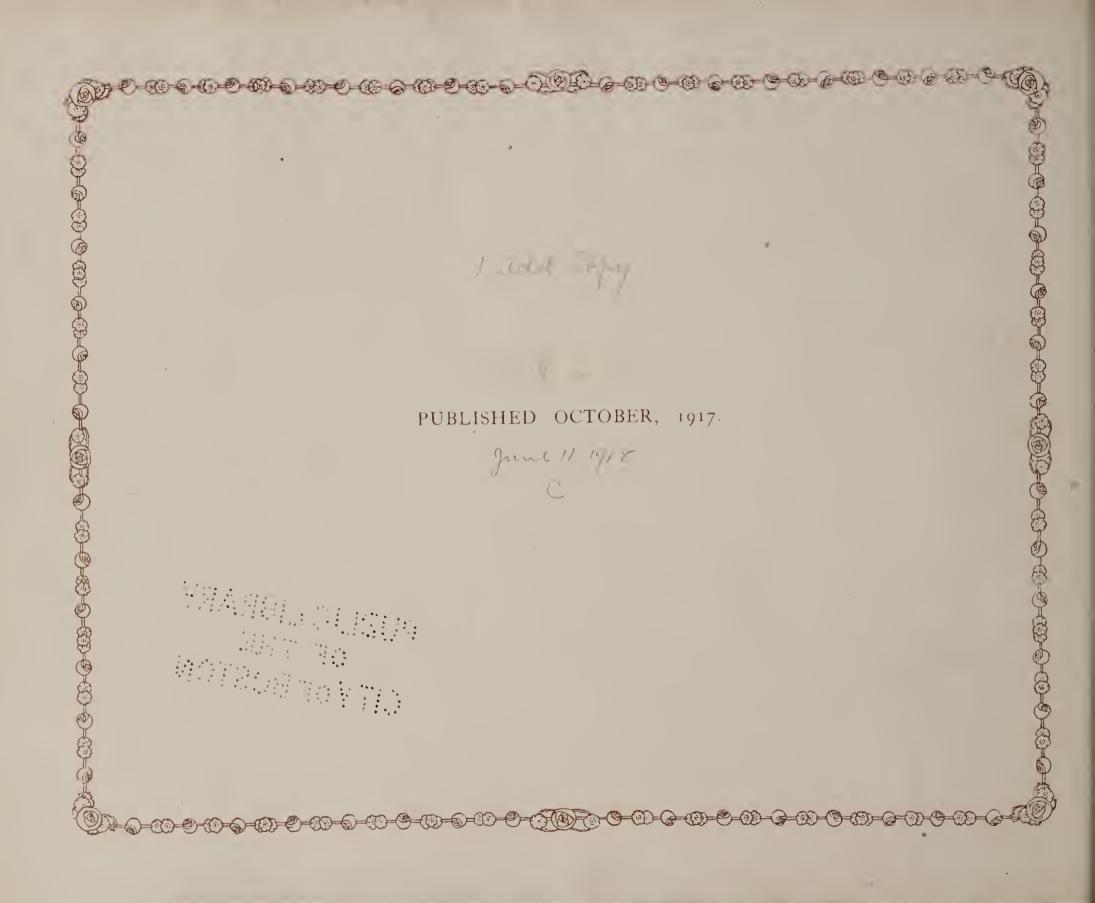
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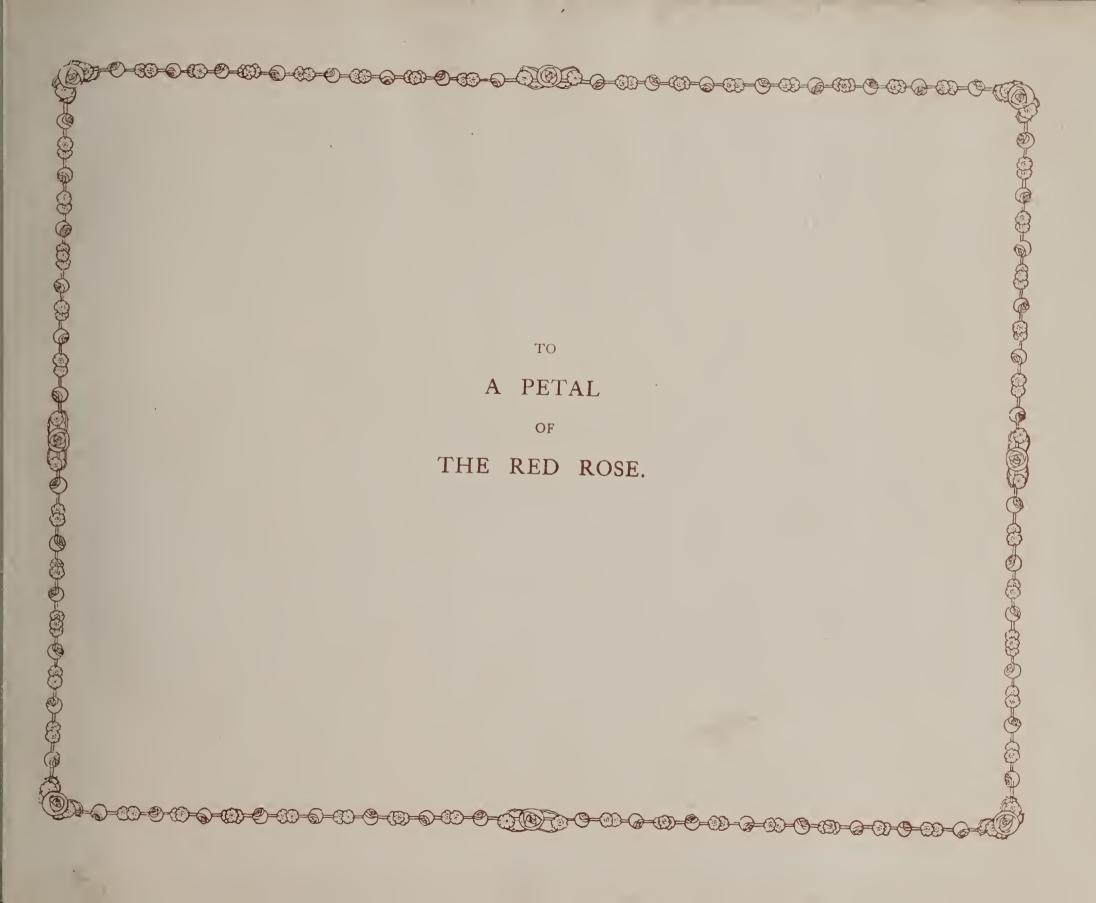
L. EDNA WALTER, B.Sc., A.C.G.I.

AND THE BELGIAN AIRS HARMONISED BY

LUCY BROADWOOD

A. & C. BLACK, Ltd., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.





PREFACE.

SOME NURSERY RHYMES OF BELGIUM, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA.

HIS is the first time that the Nursery Rhymes of Belgium, France, and Russia have been put before English children with their native harmonies and illustrations. To MM. Plon, Nourrit et Cie, I am immensely indebted for allowing me not only to take the songs from their two delightful books "Chansons de France pour les Petits Français," and "Vieilles Chansons et Danses pour les Petits Enfants," where they were harmonised by that master of French folk-song, J. B. Weckerlin, but also to use the incomparable illustrations of M. B. de Monvel. With MM. Plon, Nourrit et Cie, I must include also Madame de Monvel, without whose kind permission the illustrations of her late husband could not have been reproduced.

The Russian songs with their original harmonies and illustrations are from a popular children's book published in Moscow. I should like to thank Miss Winerich for helping me to get the spirit of these Russian songs which she had sung as a child in the great country of her birth.

No Belgian children's book could be found, no permission could be obtained, even to use one or two of the children's songs occurring in modern Belgian collections in England, so I have had to obtain them chiefly from the mouths of those who have been driven from their land by the tragedy of the war. I should especially like to thank M. Bouckenooghe and M. Sturbelle for the kind assistance they have given me in this connection. The songs "Little Man John," "Little Scamp," "The Giant," "Where are you off to, my Marie so fair?" "Sleep, Laddie, Sleep," belong to the Flemish-speaking provinces; "Dance Marienika" is sung in both French and Flemish parts, and the other two in the French provinces. These airs have been harmonised by Miss Lucy Broadwood, and illustrated by M. Alfred Bastien, a Belgian artist, who made these drawings in the trenches whilst fighting for his King and country.

L. EDNA WALTER.

Manchester, August, 1917.



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AND HARMONISED BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY

M. ALFRED BASTIEN.





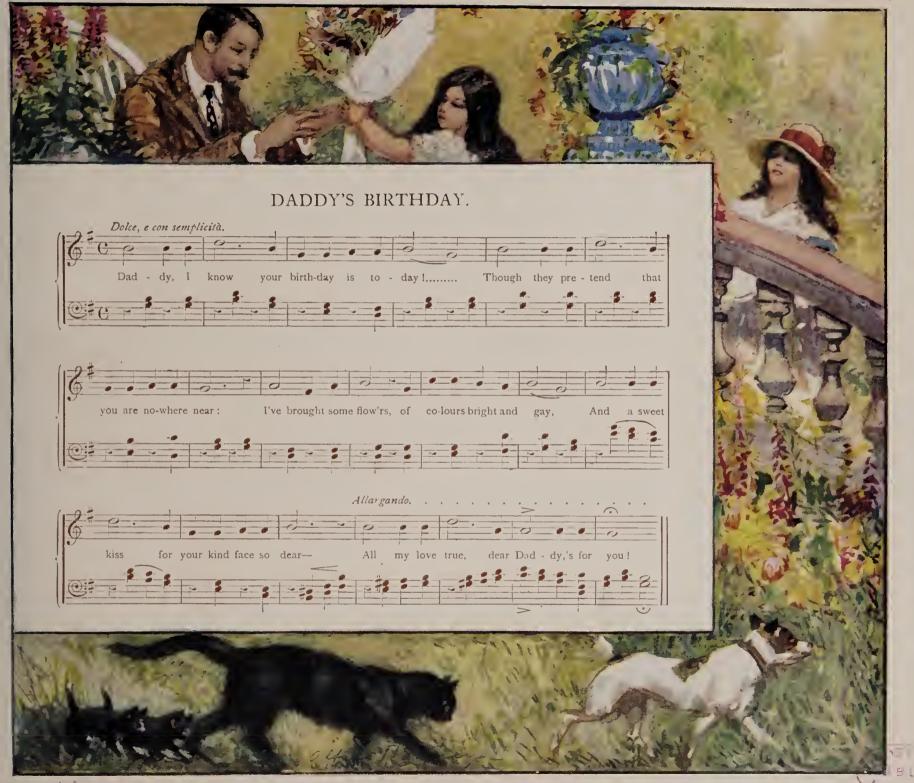






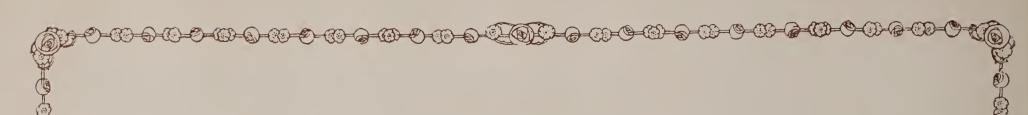












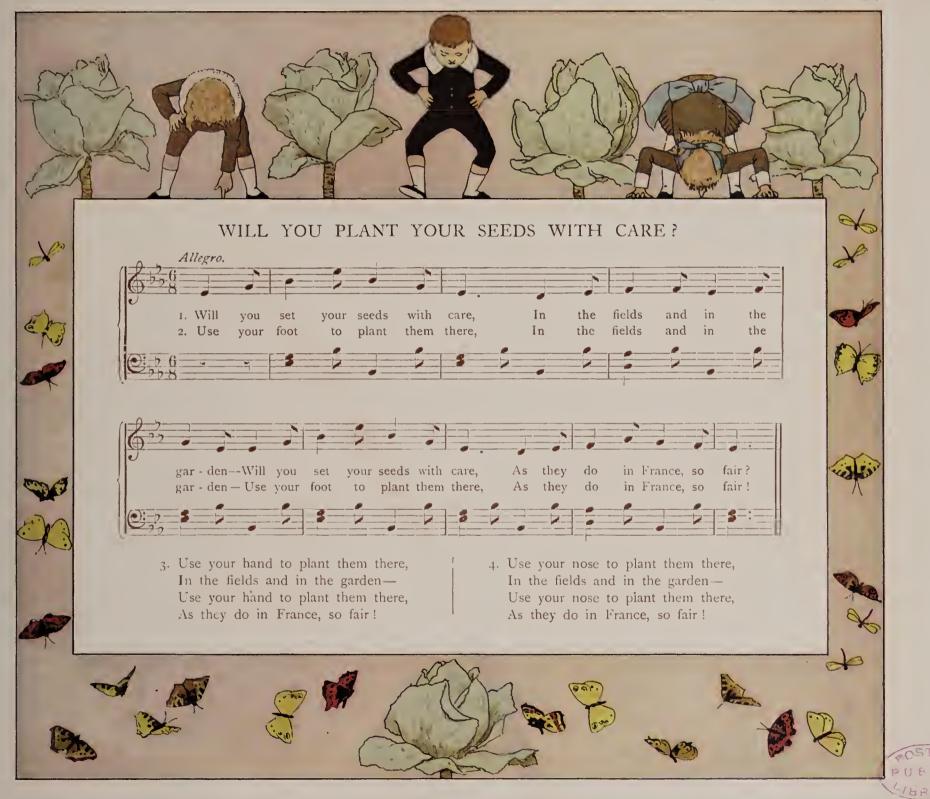


THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN NURSERY RHYMES OF FRANCE ARE REPRODUCED FROM THE DRAWINGS OF M. B. DE MONVEL, BY KIND PERMISSION OF MADAME DE MONVEL.





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KING DAGOBERT.

King Dagobert, I'm told,
Never shaved when the weather was cold.
Said Eloi the Friar:
"My King and Sire,
You'd best begin
To soap your chin."
The King replied: "That's true,
Buy a cake and I'll borrow from you."

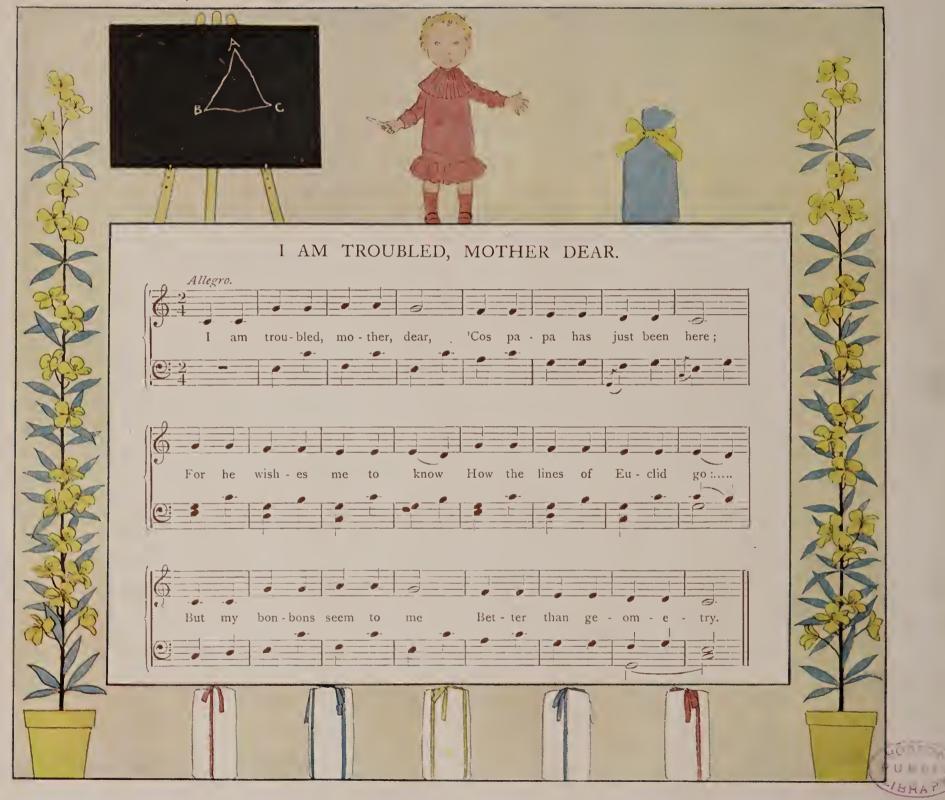
King Dagobert of old
Went forth as a hunter bold.
Said Eloi the Friar:
"My King and Sire,
You're out of breath
And as white as death."
The King replied: "But see
A rabbit has turned upon me."

King Dagobert, they say,
Fought alone in a furious fray.
Said Eloi the Friar:
"My King and Sire,
Your aim's so poor
That you'll die for sure."
The King replied: "That's true.
I'll shelter myself behind you."

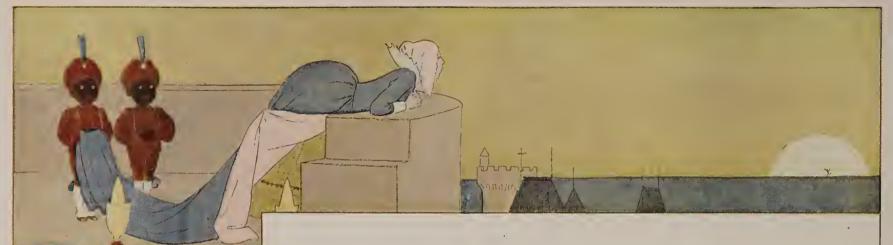
King Dagobert in mirth
Said: "Now I will conquer the earth."
Said Eloi the Friar:
"My King and Sire,
It's a task immense
When you once commence."
The King replied: "That's true.
It's less trouble to stay here with you."



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MALBROUGH.

Brave Malbrough returns not, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; Brave Malbrough returns not, Altho' the months pass by.

His lady mounts her turret, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; His lady mounts her turret To look across the sea.

She sees her page a-running, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; She sees her page a-running All clad in habits black.

What news, my page, what tidings? With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; What news, my page, what tidings? What news have you for me?

The news I bring unto you, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; The news I bring unto you Will make the tears downfall.

Put off your dainty dresses, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; Put off your dainty dresses, Put off your satin gown.

Milord alas! is dead, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; Milord alas! is dead, Is dead and in his grave.

I saw him borne to rest, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; I saw him borne to rest By four brave officers.





MALBROUGH.

The first held his cuirasse, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; The first held his cuirasse, The second held his shield.

The third he held his sabre, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; The third he held his sabre, The fourth he carried nought.

They planted Rosemary, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; They planted Rosemary Around and on his grave.

There sang upon the branches, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; There sang upon the branches A plaintive nightingale.

We saw his soul rise upwards, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; We saw his soul rise upwards, Soar upwards through the leaves.

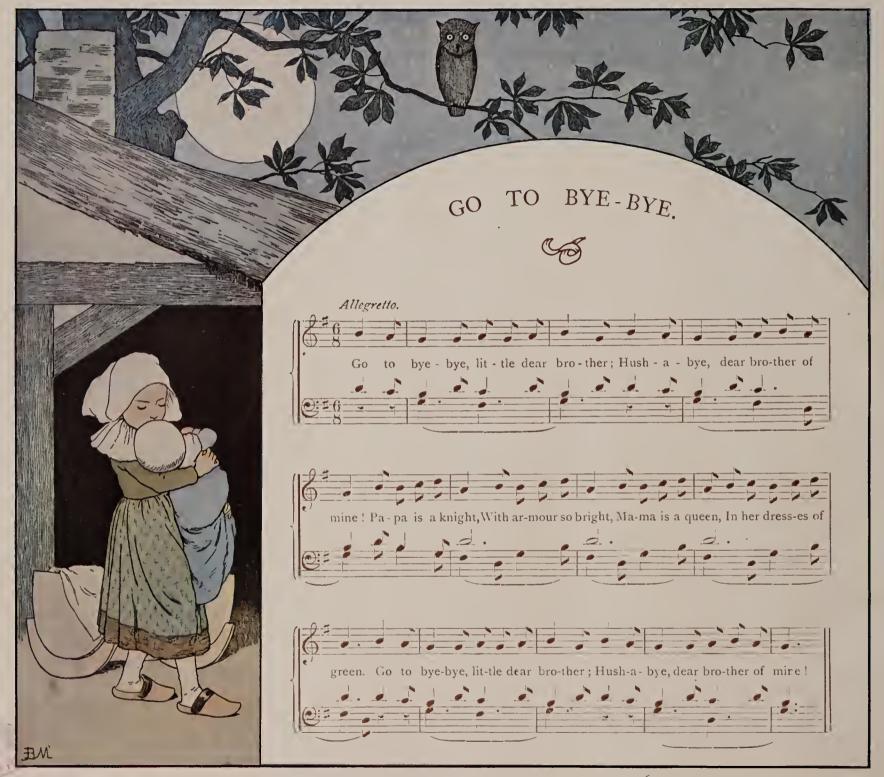
Then all bowed down their heads, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; Then all bowed down their heads, And raised them up again.

The victories to sing, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; The victories to sing That Malbrough had won.

The ceremony over,
With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy;
The ceremony over,
They homeward turned their steps.

Thus ends my tale of Malbrough, With a tan-ta-ra rinna rainy; Thus ends my tale of Malbrough, I think you've had enough.











What ails you, pretty maiden, to make your tears downfall? What ails you, pretty maiden, to make your tears downfall? To make your tears downfall, by the golden sand, To make your tears downfall, by the salt sea strand.

Now weep you for your father, or any kinsman dear? Now weep you for your father, or any kinsman dear? For any kinsman dear, by the golden sand, For any kinsman dear, by the salt sea strand.

I weep that gallant vessel, a-sailing with the wind, I weep that gallant vessel, a-sailing with the wind, A-sailing with the wind, by the golden sand, A-sailing with the wind, by the salt sea strand.

Upon its deck so polished, there stands my own true love. Upon its deck so polished, there stands my own true love. There stands my own true love, by the golden sand, There stands my own true love, by the salt sea strand.





FROM

СЪРЕНЬКІЙ КОЗЛИКЪ

Сборнинъ любимыхъ дѣтснихъ пѣсенъ

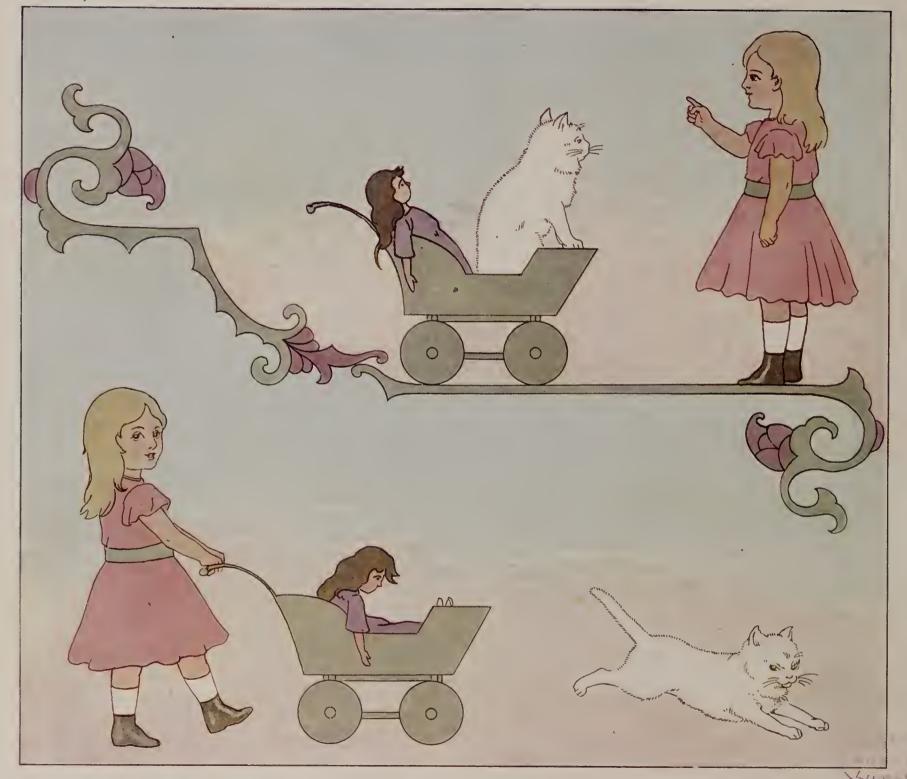




















CRADLE SONG.

Soon, too soon, a time is coming When away you'll ride, With your foot within the stirrup, I with sleepless eyes and sorrow Your gun at your side.

I with silks will sew your saddle; I shall watch you start. Cossack in your heart.

You will wave your farewell to me, Dreams will tell me you are homesick You'll remember ere the battle But that night in bed Bitter tears will shed.

I shall break my heart with longing, Keep your holy Eikon near you I shall pray all day; Rich and noble you'll appear, but All my thoughts will travel to you When you're far away.

In those foreign lands. [from you, All my love for you. Sleep, then, now while care's far While I kiss your hands.

That to you I'll give; Kneel in front of it in prayer, Guard it while you live.

Sleep on now, my son, my "Bai-ush-ki bayu." *

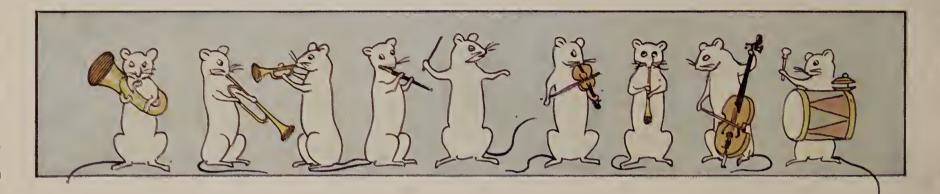
* Literally "clap hands"; really used as a lullaby expression.











ENGLISH NURSERY RHYMES.

SELECTED AND EDITED BY L. EDNA WALTER.

HARMONISED BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY M. WHEELER.

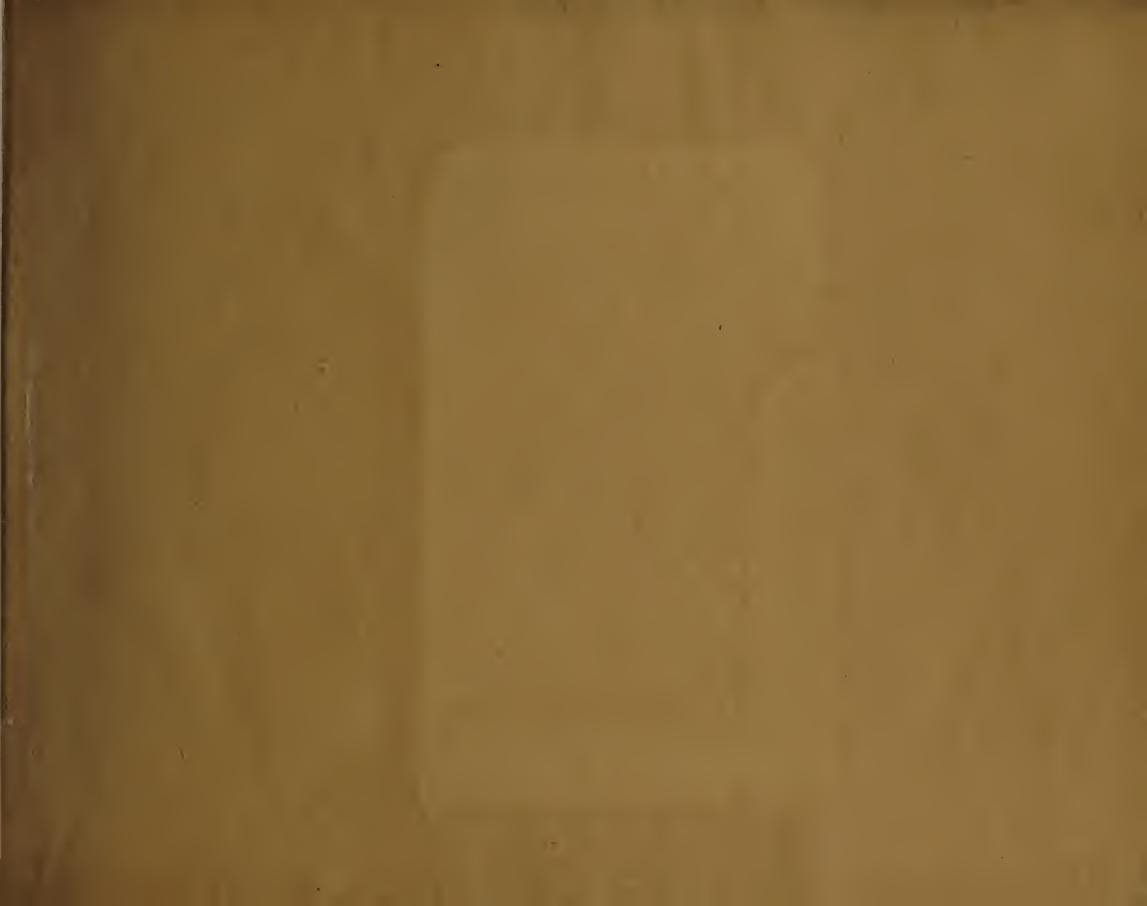
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